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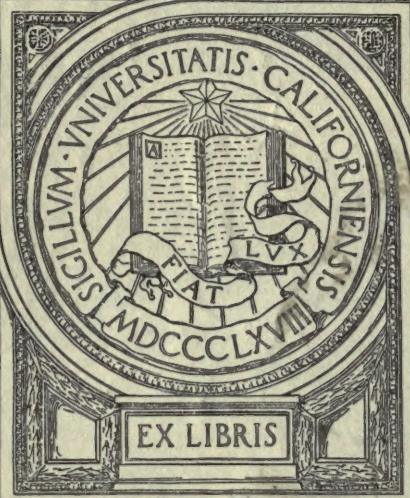

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Alumnus
Rev. W. Borlase,
Zennor Vicarage

No 1640.

Mary E. Eady-Borlase.

No: 2730.

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According to "Ames & Herbert" the Author of the "Interlude" was Luke Shepherd M. D. and the date 1548. The Printers John Day & Wilm. Seres [See Colophon] dissolved partnership in 1550.

English - Alumnus

c Shepherds, Lukes

¶ John Bon and Mast person

W. Borlase.
Zennor Vicarage

☞ A lasse poore fooles, so sore ye be lade
No maruel it is, thoughe your shoulders ake
For ye beare a great God, which ye yourselfes made
Make of it what ye wyl, it is a wafar cake
And betwen two Irons printed it is and bake
And loke where Idolatrye is, Christe wyl not be there
Wherfore ley down your burden, an Idole ye do beare
☞ Alasse poore
Fooles.

931976

The parson

What John Bon good morowe to the

John Bon.

Nowe good morowe mast parson so mut

Parson (I thee

What meanest ÿ John to be at worke so

John sone

The zoner I begyne the zoner shall I haue done
For I tende to warke no longer then none

Parson.

Mary John for that gods blessinge on thy herte
For surely some therbe wyl go to ploughe an carte
And set not by thys holy, corpus christi euen

John

They aer the more to blame I swere by saynt Steuen
Bu tell me mast parson one thinge and you can
What saynt is copsi curlty a man or a woman?

Parson

Why John knowestе not that? I tell the it was a man,
It is Christe his own selfe and to morowe is hys daye
We beare hym in procession and thereby knowe it ye

John (maye

I knowe mast parson? and na by my faye
But me thinke it is a mad thinge that ye saye
That it should be a man howe can it come to passe
Because ye maye hym beare with in so smala glasse

Parson

Why neybor John and art thou nowe there?
Nowe I maye perceyue ye loue thys newe geare

John

Gods forbod master, I should be of that facion
I question wy your mashippe in waye of cumlication
A playne man ye may se wil speake as cometh to mind
Ye muste hold vs accused for plowe men be but blynd

I am an elde felowe of fifty wynter and more
And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before

Parson

No dyd, why sayest thou so, upon thy selfe thou lyest
Thou hafte euer knowen the sacramente to be the body (of Christ

John

Ye syr ye say true, all that I know in dede
And yet as I remember it is not in my crede
But as for cropsy curlsty to be a man or no
I knewe not tyll thys day by the waye my soule shal to

Parson

Why folishe felowe, I tel the it is so
For it was so determined by the churche longe ago
It is both the sacramente and very Christ him selfe

John

No spleaser mast parson then make ye Christe an elfe
And the maddest made man that euer body sawe

Parson

What? peace mad man thou speakeste lyke a dawe
It is not possible hys manhode for to se

John

Why sir ye tell me it is euen verye he
And if it be not his manhode, his godhed it must be

Parson

I tell the none of both, what meaneste thou, art ỳ mad?

John

No nother mad nor drunke, but to learne I am glade
But to displeafe your mafhippe I woulde be very loth
Ye graunt me here playnly that it is none of boeth
Then it is but a cake, but I pray ye be not wroth.

Parson

Wroth quod ha, by the masse ỳ makest me swere an othe
I hade leuer wyth a docter of diuinitie to reason
Then with a stubble cur that eateth beanes and peason

John

I crie ye mercye maſt perſon pacience for a ſeaſon
In all thys cumlicacion is nother felony nor treaſon

Parſon

No by the maſſe but hereſt thou, it is playne hereſye

John

I am glade it chaunced ſo, theyr was no witnes by
And if ther had I cared not, for ye ſpake as yl as I
I ſpeake but as I harde you ſaye I wot not what ye
Ye ſayd it was not God nor man ꝗ made (thought

Parſon (it worſſe then nought

I ment not ſo, thou tokeſte me wronge

John

A ſir ye ſinge another ſonge
I dare not reaſon wyth you longe
I ſe well nowe ye haue a knacke
To ſaye a thynge and then go backe

Parſon

No John I was but a littyll ouer ſene
But thou mentest not good fayeth I wene
In all thys talke that was us betwene

John

I? no trowe it ſhannot ſo beene
That John Bon ſhall an heretike be calde
Then myght he ſaye him ſo fowle befalde.

Parſon.

But nowe if thou wylt marke me welle
From begynninge to endynge I wyl the tell
Of the godly ſeruice that ſhalbe to morowe
That or I haue done no doubte thou wylt ſorowe
To here that ſuche thynges ſhoulde be fordone
And yet in many places they haue begun
To take a waye the olde and ſet up newe

? laye

Beleue me John thys tale is true

John

Go to mast parson saye on and well to thryue
Ye be the Jolest gēman that euer sawe in my lyue

Parson

We shal firste haue matins, is it not a godly hereynge?

John

Fie? Yes, me thinke tis a shamefull gay chearynge
For often times on my prayers, when I take no greate
Ye sing so arantly well, ye make me fal a slepe (kepe

Parson

Then haue we prosession and Christe aboute we beare

John

That is apoysone holy thinge for God himselfe is ther

Parson

Than comme we in and redy vs dresse
Full solempnely to goo to Messe

John

Is not here a mischeuous thynge?
The Messe is vengaunce holye for all ther sayeinge

Parson

Then saye we Confiteor and miseriatur

John

Jeze Lorde tis abbominable matter

Parson

And then we stande up to the auter

John

Thys geere is as good as our ladies sawter

Parson

And so gose fourth wyth the other dele
Tyll we haue rede the Pistell and Gospell

John

That is good mast person I knowe ryght well

Parson

Is that good? why what sayste thou to the other

John

Mary horrible good I saye none other

Parson

So is all the messe I dare auow this
As good in euery poynte as Pistell or Gospel is

John

The fowle euyll it is, whoe woulde thynke so muche
In fayeth I euer thought that it had bene no suche

Parson

Then haue we the canon that is holyest

John

A spightfull gay thynge of all that euer I wyst

Person

Then haue we the memento euen before the sacringe

John

Ye are morenly well learned I se by your recknynge
That ye wyll not forget such an elurshe thynge

Parson

And after that we consecrate very God and man
And turne the breade to flesche wyth fyue wordes we cā

John

The deuell ye do I trowe. Ther is pestilence bulines
Ye are much boūde to god, for suche a spittell holines
A galows gay gifte wyth fyue wordes alone
To make boeth God and man and yet wese none
Ye talke so vnreasonably well, it maketh my herte yerne
As elde a felow as yche am I se well I may learne

Parson

Yea John and then wyth wordes holy and good
Euen by and by we tourne the wyne to bloude

John

Lo wyll ye se lo? who would have thought it

That ye could so sone, from wine to blood ha brought it
And yet except your mouth, be better tasted than myne
I can not fele it other but that it should be wyne
And yet I wote nere a cause ther maye be whye
Perchaunce ye ha dronke bloude ofter then euer dyd I

Parson

Truely John it is bloud though it be wine in taste
As soone as the worde is spoke the wyne is gone & past

John

A sessions on it for me my wyttes are me benumme
For I can not study where the wyne shoulde become

Parson

Study quod ha, beware and let suche matter go
To meddle muche wyth thys may brynge ye sone to wo

John

Yea but mast parson thynke ye it were rygh
That if I desired you to make my blake ore whight
And you saye it is done, and styl is blacke in sygh
Ye mygh me deme a foole for to beleue so lygh

Parson

I marvell muche ye wyll reason so farre
I feare if ye vse it, it wyll ye mar

John

No no sir I trusste of that I wylbe ware
I pray you wyth your matter agayne fourth to fare

Parson

And the we go forth and Christes body receyue
Euyn the very same that mary dyd conceyue

John

The deuill it is, ye have a greate grace
To eate God and man in so short a space

Parson

And so we make an ende as it lieth in an order

But now the blissed messe is hated in euery border
And railed on & reuiled, w̃ wordes most blasphemous
But I trust it wylbe better w̃ the help of Catechismus
For thoughe it came forth but euen that other day
Yet hath it tourned many to ther olde waye
And where they hated messe and bad it in disdayne
There haue they messe and matins in latyne tongue a-
Ye euen in Londō selfe (John) I tel the troeth (gaine
They be ful glade & mery to here of thys God knoweth

John

By my trueth malt parson I lyke ful wel your talke
But masse me no more messinges. The right way wil I
For thoughe I haue no learning yet I know (walke
And yche can perceiue your iuggling (chese krō chalke
But leue your deuilish masse & (as crafty as ye walke
And thē will Christ be w̃ you (ye cōmunio to you take

Parson (euē for his promisse sake

Why art thou suche a one and kept it so closse
Wel al is not golde that hath a fayre glosse
But farewel John Bon god bringe the in better mind

John

I thanke you sir for that you seme verie kynde
But praye not so for me for I am well Inoughe
Whistill boy, driue furth God spede vs and the plough
Ha browne done forth that horson crabbe
Reecomomyne, garlde, wyth haight blake hab
Haue a gayne bald before, haygh ree who,
Cherly boy cum of that whom warde we may goo

FINIS.

☞ Imprinted at London by John Daye, and Willyā Seres, dwellinge in Sepulchres Parishe at the signe of the resurrection a littel aboue Holbourne conduite.

Cum gratia & priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

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The above Manuscript Note was written by the late RICHARD FORSTER, Esq. and is in the original Copy from which this is reprinted.

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